

## EMBRYO..... ,NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Fellow Americans...it certainly seems as if, despite weeks of worry, the Cooper, Moore, Ward and Fleming pandemonium shadow show and flying circus is on the road again, this time under an editorial committee, rather than one fallible, dare we say incompetent, subhuman being. The whole thing should hopefully run more smoothly from now on, and if it doesn't, then at least Tiny only gets 25 per cent of the blame....

I know nobody's reading this. Nobody ever reads the Editorial. We never read the editorial. Don't know why we bother doing one.

If anyone's interested, the last poetry reading went fine, and thanks to everyone who came along. There's another one soon..... don't know when. Hopefully, it'll be at the Racehorse again.

The most important thing to have happened over the last couple of months is the recent Embryo/Arts Lab merger. This means that both Embryo and Rovel, or what ever the Arts Lab magazine is disguised as nowadays, remain as separate enterprises, while prompting an interflow of poets between the 2 mags.

We're printing this ~~XXXX~~ magazine somewhere else now--- and we're using Alex's place to type it. Thanks, Alex---oh yes, and thanks to Babs, Clive and Chris for the typewriters.

Please, we can't print anonymous poetry, no matter how ~~is~~ is. Don't send us any more, please, or you'll get knifed when we catch up with you.

Due to decimalisation, this magazine now costs £53.65p, and has 4 pages. Think decimal, and you'll be decimated:

Thanks to everyone who helped, especially Schtook, who rolled up occasionally

WISH YOU WERE HERE

THE SYNDICATE

EMBRYO WAS PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY TINY WARD, ALAN MOORE, ANDY COOPER AND IAN FLEMING FOR BIZARRE PRODUCTIONS, A DIVISION OF INTERCONTINENTAL ABSURDITIES. TINY WARD APPEARS COURTESY OF BURTON'S LTD. IAN FLEMING APPEARS COURTESY OF DUNLOP UNDERWEAR LTD. ANDY COOPER APPEARS COURTESY OF THE THOMAS COLEMAN HOME FOR FRUSTRATED INTELLECTUALS, ALAN MOORE CRAWLS OUT FROM UNDER BRICKS ON DERELICT BOMBSITES, EVERY WALPURGIS NACHT, BEWARE, GETS BITCHY WHEN ROUSED.

All enquiries, bomb scares and pet goldfish to:

17, St. Andrew's Rd,  
Northampton.



PASTORALE APOCALYPSIS.

Skygrey afternoon raindrizzle, my hair clinging close to my head  
slipping upon the mud between the patches of scorched grass

I almost fall.

Across the fields I can now see the rim of the crater, snapped  
telephone wires like lank

hair clinging close to my head.

Removing my glasses I wipe the rain from my eyes

I can now see the patches of scorched grass  
across the fields.

Removing my glasses I almost fall..the rim of the crater..

slipped upon the mud, rainwires drizzle like

like lank hair clinging close to my head.

I wipe the skygrey crater from my eyes, and across the fields I

almost fall between the scorched afternoon  
and patches of wires like lank

snapped hair, slipping into the sky.

Across the afternoon I can now see the snapped  
telephone hairwires upon the mud, they drizzle  
like scorched rain between the craters.

Removing the afternoon I wipe my eyes across the fields, slipping  
upon the glass, telephone clinging close to the  
grass hair.

Snapped eyes almost fall across the crater, I wipe the fields  
between the patches of scorched wires.

Removing my eyes I almost cling close to my head. The scorched  
hair of the crater drizzles patches across  
the sky.

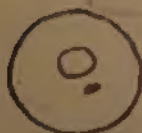
Alan Moore.

-AD-

DUM...DUM...

DUM...

DA-DUM



WHEN DO WE GET TO THE TRIPPY LIGHT SHOW BIT?



A... A  
BLACK  
MONOLITH!

OOO



ALAN



Words drip  
like ice grey  
tears

In the faded darkness of the sewers  
The stone roots of the city, echoing with the sound of 'lost  
children,

Eyes stare up from the dark mouth of a drain, accusing  
Disappearing, ripped laughing into a naelstrom  
of shit, whirling blindly to the sewernind  
the citybrain

Where ratscuttling nightspiders plot in the webbed secrecy  
of the condom crowded cataconbes,

Whispers drift upwards to the scarred silence of the morningstreet  
guttertongues lick furtively for the first taste of eveningrain  
stainless steel saliva, trickling down the pipeline tributary  
to the bonevacant cityskull of the undermind.

In the submerged flyovers of the metropolis maze  
the drowned pigeons float sadly past  
trying to remember

The final liquid statement of the undermind  
is simply this:

Inevitability.

The dreams of silver citadels

Will eventually drown in their own shit

And the rats will giggle disturbingly, mouths full of grease,  
the brittle  
echoing

slippery

slimy

drip-splash

hollow

ALAN MOORE.

laughter of the sewers



MINDFLARE: NEUROSIS 80.

ALAN MOORE.

Drifting through the redneon brain of nightlight  
Empty wetsparkling streets, lampshine signflash  
Vacant shop-eye window stare blindly into dark haze  
Of metropolis-naze, midnight windhowl carscreech through the  
Evening at Earthsend. Early morning images drift silent  
Like black snow, echoing down screaming nerve ends and into  
The cortical library...

And the evening emptied people float into the beckoning  
Doorway of the silent library, footstep clattering and  
into the last tomb of the dead words, the  
Midnight mausoleum of forgotten images.

...Past dreamshelves, cushion-bookends in a place  
With no doors, easing through the plush red vinyl holes  
And into the lower depths.

There bleakgrey memorytones wait in the halflight,  
Telling a story that you can never quite decipher.  
...And on the flyleaf:

" I AM CRYPTOGRAM..."

Electroncheckerboard citybuilding computerflash,  
Vast mindface glares down from the telegraphic billboard eye  
And seems to know me. Walking over the nightbreeze stargrass  
Towards the tower, hate-waiting above me....

Photon greenice-eyes flash in the darkness of sound,  
Mute echoes of a preamble into the underground.  
Silkhairstopmotion floating, strobedrifting,  
Dreamshining in the clutching twilight.

And I loved you then....

Torn screeching into the naelstrom mind,  
And into the underground...

Safe in my dark-tinted vision  
Down the celophane stairway, brainclawing,  
And into the vacuum zone...

Bonenaze silverbright  
Down the corridors of light  
Shells of peace and bubblesoap  
Down through the kaleidoscope.  
Boiling sky and saucerflash  
Down the stairscape, swordlight slash,  
Through the corridors of bone,  
Screaming through the vacuum zone.

And into the underground...

Empty morningstreet, newspaper bounce on wind-like torn butterfly  
Yesterdays litter has merged with the roadway, and above the  
Lonely echoing puddlesplash footsteps  
Drifts empty graveyard tunewhistle, remote and afraid.  
The sun could not wait for the morning to come,  
I turned left at the silence and headed for the vacuum zone...

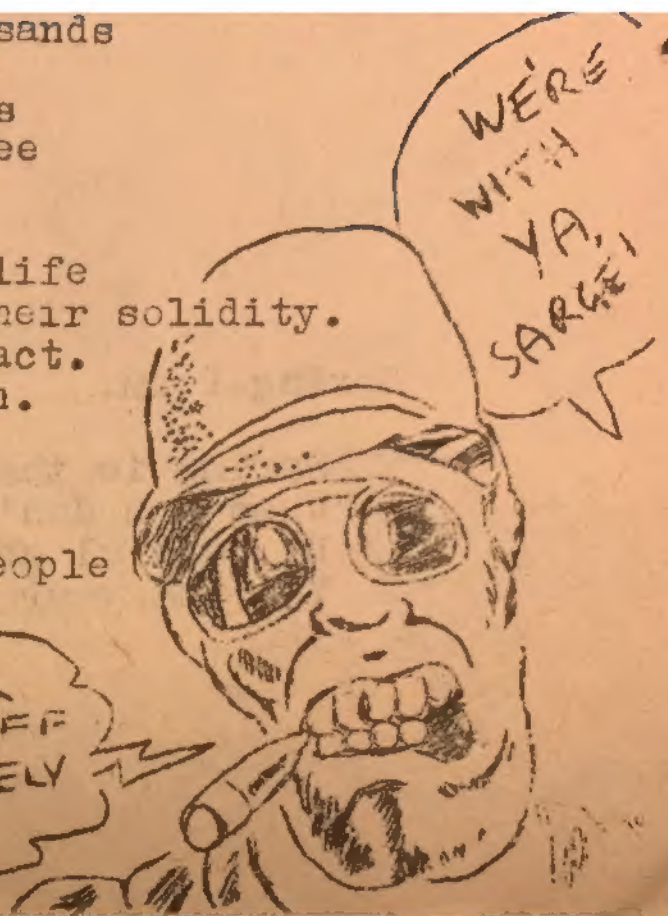


nacking down thousands and thousands  
of the bastards without getting  
a scratch on immaculate haircuts  
knocking off for cokes and coffee  
and a bath o fer chrissakes  
get the hell outta my head

Phantoms of half life  
and unreal with their solidity.  
Too solid to be fact.  
Diaphonous fiction.

On the trail now.  
Right and left.  
Cannons down the valley. Unseen  
except by poets and spies and people  
who dont matter

YOU MEN REALISE THAT OUR  
CHANCES OF PULLING THIS OFF  
UNSCATHED ARE APPROXIMATELY  
TEN THOUSAND TO ONE ...



- ADVERTISEMENT -

